THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

—UTILE DULCI.—

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PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

An ALLEGORY.

"As physic's for the body's good assign'd,
"Misfortunes are the physic of the mind."
R.

PROSPERITY and *Adversity*, the daughters of *Providence*, were sent to the house of a rich *Phenician* merchant, named *Velasco*, whose residence was at *Tyre*, the capital city of that kingdom.

Prosperity, the elder, was beautiful as the morning, and cheerful as the spring; but *Adversity* was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velasco had two sons, *Felix* and *Urano*. They were both bred to commerce, tho' liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment threatened, in an evil hour, to set them at variance: for both were become enamoured with the beauties of *Prosperity*. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns; but, to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

Velasco, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretensions by lot; each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn; and *Prosperity* became the wife of *Felix*, and *Adversity* of *Urano*.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials, *Velasco* died, having bequeathed to his eldest son, *Felix*, the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of *Prosperity* was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he clothed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the wood: he made rivers in his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by him unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight and, in process of time, he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel and loses itself among the valleys, unless confined by bounds, so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by Economy. In a few years the estate of *Felix* wasted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men whom he had feasted and made presents to: But his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn; his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him, and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her sorceries, that he pursued her with intreaties, till by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into *Egypt*, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him, and that he died in a short time wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to *Urano*, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother *Felix*. *Adversity*, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps: And, to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a *Sardinian* pirate: that another was lost upon the *Lybian Syrtes*; and, to complete all, that the banker, with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors, and retired into *Sicily*. Collecting therefore the small remains of his fortune, he bade adieu to *Tyre*; and, led by *Adversity* through unfrequented roads and forests overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain: Here they took up their abode some time; and *Adversity* in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful counsels, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the distresses of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

"I am sent," said she, "by the gods, to those only whom they love: For I not only train them up by my severe discipline to future glory, but also prepare them to receive with greater relish all such moderate enjoyments as are not inconsistent with this probationary state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web, so the mind which I afflict contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of *Cato*, *Socrates*, and *Timoleon*, to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age. *Prosperity*, my smiling, but treacherous sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced to be scourged by her cruel followers, *Anguish* and *Despair*: while *Adversity* never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her to the blissful habitations of *Tranquility* and *Content*."

Uranio listened to her words with great attention: and as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated; and at last he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and directions. She would often repeat to him the wise maxims of the philosopher: "That those who want the fewest things, approach nearest to the gods, who want nothing." She admonished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendor: and in his addresses to the gods, instead of supplicating for riches and popularity, to pray only for a virtuous mind a quiet state an unblemished life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner:

"As gold is purged and refined from dross by the fire, so is *Adversity*, sent by Providence to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished: and I now leave you to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was *Prosperity*, and whose condition you so much envied after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for *Urano* that his lot was *Adversity*: whom, if he remember as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy."

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty; yet as *Uranio*, in spite of his utmost efforts, could not prevail on himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandize; and having in a short time acquired a competency sufficient for a real enjoyment of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry, in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of *Adversity*. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood

under a tuft of trees, encompaſſed with eglantine and honey-ſuckles. Adjoining it was a cold-bath, formed by a ſpring iſſuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters the following inſcription:

Beneath this moſs-grown roof, within this cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.
Say, you who dare this happy place diſdain,
What ſplendid palace boaſts ſo fair a train?

He lived to a good old age, and died honoured and lamented.

THE BEGGAR.

A Fragment in imitation of STERNE.

"WE are poor ourſelves!" exclaimed the lady of the houſe, "and have therefore nothing to give." Wretched being methinks you receive none other alms from many people of faſhion!

"He has had the aſſurance to come to my door twice to-day. He might have known at the firſt denial, that a repetition would not make him a whit the better off."

"It might have been that when he came the ſecond time he expected your ladyſhip was better diſpoſed to give," ſaid a gentleman preſent.——"Perchance he imagined the human heart could not be ſo inſenſible to the woes of others," thought I, and it had nearly reached my lips, but prudence bade it go no farther.

She again began to ring in my ears a long ſtring of invectives againſt the poorer claſs of people, when I haſtily took my leave. "For what purpoſe did Heaven form the rich with ſuch unfeeling hearts!" aſked my friend. "That they might be ſet up as a mark to others; and teach them the danger of riches."

The man was a few paces before us.

"Surely the lady finds, ere this, that we deſpiſe her contracted ſoul," ſaid my companion. "You are miſtaken in that point," ſaid I; "this is not the only time I have been a witneſs of her narrow-mindedneſs. I dined there ſome days ſince, with ſeveral other viſitors: before the cloth was removed, I heard a ſlight rap at the door—no one attended to it—it ſeemed to foretell the approach of poverty—"

"What were the ſervants doing?" interrupted my friend.

"Their miſtreſs had enjoined it upon them to attend to none but *faſhionable knocks!*"

"Pray what are her *faſhionable knocks?*"

"That I never learned. She has no doubt, inſtructed her menials on that head."

"But go on with your ſtory. I deſpiſe from my ſoul her baſeneſs."

The man was a few paces before us.

"I ſat oppoſite the entrance. In a few minutes an emaciated figure, cloathed meanly, but her dreſs clean, and adjuſted in as neat a manner as poſſible, walked feebly along, until ſhe reached the room door, and then neceſſity compelled her to ſeek ſupport from the poſts. I could not behold the ſight unmoved—"

We had now reached the beggar. We ſtopped. He held out his hat. I threw in ſomething; my friend did the ſame. "May Heaven forever proſper your honors!" uttered the pauper. "Amen!" We both reſponded, and paſſed on.

"If I had her riches what a deal of good would I do with it! The poor ſhould not depart empty from my door."

"And perhaps," ſaid I, "if you had double the wealth ſhe is poſſeſſed of, your diſpoſition would be ſimilar to hers."

INTERESTING HISTORY OF THE BARON DE LOVZINSKI.

Continued.

PULASKI preſſed me, but in vain, for I was unable to conſent. As ſoon as Lodoiſka knew that I ſhould depart alone, and perceived that we were reſolved not to inform her whither, ſhe ſhed torrents of tears, and ſtrove to detain me. I began to heſitate.

Lovzinſki, cries my father-in-law at this critical moment, Lovzinſki, depart! Wife, children, relations, all ought to be ſacrificed, when it is neceſſary for the ſalvation of your country.

I inſtantly mount my horſe, and make ſuch haſte, that I arrive by the middle of next day at Czenſtachow. I here found forty brave men waiting for me, and determined for the moſt hazardous enterpriſe.

"Gentlemen," ſaid I to them, "we are now met on purpoſe to carry a king out of the midſt of his own capital. Thoſe capable of attempting ſuch a bold enterpriſe, are alone capable of effecting it: either ſucceſs or death awaits on us."

After this ſhort harangue we prepare to depart. Kaluvſki, forwarned of our deſign, had already procured twelve waggons, loaded with hay and ſtraw, each of which was drawn by four good horſes.

We inſtantly diſguiſe ourſelves as peaſants; we hide our clothes, our ſabres, our piſtols, and the ſaddles of our horſes, in the hay with which our waggons were partly filled; we agree upon certain ſigns, and I give them a *watch-word*, to be uſed according to circumſtances.—Twelve of the conſpirators, commanded by Kaluvſki, enter into Warſaw, accompanied by as many waggons, which they themſelves conduct. I divide the reſt of my little troop into ſeveral brigades, on purpoſe to avoid ſuſpicion: each is ordered to march at ſome diſtance from the other, and to gain the capital by different gates.

We depart, and on Saturday the 2d of November, 1771, arrive at Warſaw, and lodge together at a convent belonging to the Dominicans.

On the next day, which was Sunday, and which will for ever from a memorable epoch in the annals of Poland, one of my people of the name of Stravinſki, being covered with rags, places himſelf near the collegiate church, and ſoon after proceeds demanding charity even at the gates of the royal palace, where he obſerves every thing that paſſed. Several of the conſpirators walked up and down the ſix narrow ſtreets, in the neighbourhood of the great ſquare, where Kaluvſki and myſelf were poſted. We remain in ambuſcade during the whole day, and part of the afternoon.

At ſix o'clock at night the king leaves the palace; he is followed, and is ſeen to enter the hotel of his uncle, the grand chancellor of Lithuania.

All our followers receive notice of this event, and aſſemble inſtantly: they throw off their miſerable clothes, ſaddle their horſes, and prepare their arms, in the large ſquare belonging to the convent, where their movements are entirely concealed. They then ſally forth, one after the other, under favour of the night. Too well known in Warſaw to hazard appearing there, without diſguiſing myſelf, I ſtill wear my peaſant's dreſs, and I mount an excellent horſe, capariſoned, however, after the common manner.

I then point out my followers the different poſts in the ſuburbs, which I had aſſigned them before our departure from the convent, and they were diſperſed in ſuch a manner, that all the avenues to the palace of the grand chancellor were carefully and ſtrictly guarded.

Between nine and ten o'clock at night, the king comes forth on purpoſe to return home; and we remark, with joy, that his attendants were far from being numerous.

The carriage was preceded by two men, who carried *flambeaux*, ſome officers of his ſuit; two gentlemen and an eſquire followed. I know not what was the name of the grandee in the coach along with the king. There were two pages, one to each door, two haydukes running by the ſide of the equipage, and three footmen, in the royal livery behind.

The king proceeds ſlowly: part of my people aſſemble at ſome diſtance; twelve of the moſt determined ſpring forward: I put myſelf at their head, and we advance at a good pace.

As their was a Ruſſian garriſon at that very moment in Warſaw, we affect to ſpeak the language of thoſe foreigners, ſo that our petty troop might be miſtaken for one of their patroles.

We overtake the carriage at about a hundred and fifty paces from the grand chancellor's palace, and exactly between thoſe of the biſhop of Cracow and of the late grand general of Poland.

All of a ſudden we paſs the heads of the foremoſt horſes, ſo that thoſe who preceded, found themſelves ſeparated from thoſe who ſurrounded the royal equipage.

I inſtantly give the ſignal agreed upon. Kaluvſki gallops up, with the remainder of the conſpirators: I preſent a piſtol to the poſtillion, who inſtantly ſtops; the coachman is fired upon, and precipitated beneath the wheels. Of the two haydukes who endeavoured to defend their prince, one drops, pierced with two balls; the other is overturned by means of a back-handed ſtroke from a ſabre, which he receives on the head: the ſteed belonging to the eſquire falls down covered with wounds; one of the pages is diſmounted, and his horſe taken; piſtol-balls fly about in all directions—in ſhort, the attack was ſo hot, and the fire ſo violent, that I trembled for the king's life.

He himſelf, however, preſerving the utmoſt coolneſs in the midſt of the danger, had now deſcended from his carriage, and was ſtriving to regain his uncle's palace on foot. Kaluvſki arreſts and ſeizes him by the hair; ſeven or eight of the conſpirators ſurround, diſarm, overpower him, and, preſſing him betweeen their horſes, make off at a full gallop towards the end of the ſtreet.

During this moment, I confeſs that I thought Pulaſki had baſely deceived me; that the death of the monarch was reſolved upon, and that a plot had been formed to aſſaſſinate him.

All of a ſudden I form my reſolves; I clap ſpurs to my horſe, overtake the little band, cry out to them to ſtop, and threaten to kill the firſt perſon who ſhould dare to diſobey me.

That God who is the protector of good kings, watched over the ſafety of M. de P——! Kaluvſki and his followers ſtop at the ſound of my well-known voice. We mount the king on horſeback, make off at full ſpeed, and regain

the ditch that surrounded the city, which the monarch is constrained to leap, in company with us.

At that moment a panic terror takes possession of my troop; at fifty paces distant from the ramparts, there were no more than seven who surrounded the person of the king.

The night was dark and rainy, and it was necessary to dismount every instant, on purpose to sound the morass with which we were surrounded.

The horse on which the monarch rode fell twice, and broke his leg at the second fall: during these violent movements, his majesty lost his *pelisse*, and the shoe belonging to his left foot.

"If you wish that I should follow you," says he to us, you must furnish me with another horse and a pair of boots.

We remount him once more, and, on purpose to gain the road by which Pulaski had promised me to advance, we resolve to pass through a village called Burakow; but the king exclaims, "I do not go that way; there are Russians there!"

(To be continued.)

PARODY OF POPE'S PROLOGUE TO CATO.

TO catch the eye by fawning tricks of art,
To wake the passions, and to wound the heart,
To make each pretty coxcomb sigh and moan,
Act like a dunce, and think himself undone;
For this fair Celia first assum'd her airs,
And drew, from half slain peleus floods of tears;
Gay beaus no more their pretty faces kept,
But gaz'd on Celia's charms and sigh'd, and wept.
Fair Celia scorns by common airs to move
Her suitor's fondness, or the courtier's love;
To pity love would much ill breeding show,
And wounded lovers well deserve their woe.
Tears now shall flow from some more noble cause,
Such tears as coquettes shed o'er faded gauze;
She makes each breast with love's hot passion rise,
And calls forth rolling tears from coxcomb eyes;
Beauty contest in her fair shape she draws,
How juno look'd, and godlike Venus was;
No common object Celia now displays,
But what with rapture each fond fop surveys.
A coquette smiling at her happy fate,
And gaining plaudits from each empty pate.
While thus she gives to each fond lover laws,
What bosom beats not for his own dear cause?
Who sees her move, but wonders at each air?
Who hears her laugh, and does not think her fair?
Ev'n when proud Anna, midst a splendid train,
The silks of India, and the gold of Spain,
Ignobly proud, and impotently great,
Expos'd her sable features drawn in state,
While thus in pomp and splendour Anna past,
All joy was banish'd, and each face o'er cast;
Her triumph ceas'd; scorn shot from every eye,
And haughty Anna past unheeded by;
But Celia's beauties soon attract the throng,
And, Celia, Celia, faultered on each tongue;
This last of beauties every fop ador'd,
And, charming Celia, dwelt in every word.
Coxcombs, attend! be charms like these
approv'd,
And let your icy hearts, for once, be mov'd.

MAXIM.

HAD we no faults ourselves we should take less pleasure in observing those of others.

A SPECIMEN OF RABBINICAL TRADITION.

THE Jewish Rabbies inform us, that Moses was ten cubits high, that his walking stick was ten cubits more; with the top of which (after jumping ten cubits more from the ground) he made a shift to touch the heel of Og, king of Basan. From which it has been concluded that this gigantic, stupendous monarch, was between two and three thousand cubits high. But a certain Jewish traveller has since convinced us of the fallacy of this puny kind of mensuration, by meeting with one end of the leg bone of the said Og, and travelling four hours before he came to the end of it! Allowing the Rabbi to be a good walker, the bone was twenty miles long!!!

VANITY OF A COXCOMB.

A conceited young coxcomb, who had late succeeded to a large estate by the death of his father, whom he caused to be buried with great pomp and magnificence, was bragging of this instance of his vanity to one of his acquaintance, who belonged to the Quakers, and had likewise lately buried his father, but without any pomp or ostentation. "I, (exclaimed the fop) have raised a monument of marble over my father's corpse; the epitaph is engraved in letters of gold, and the whole surrounded with a magnificent pallisado of iron rails; whilst you have contented yourself with scattering a few handfuls of earth over his coffin, and have hardly placed a stone of a foot square upon his grave." "Prithee, friend, (replied the quaker) cease to vaunt thyself of thy ill-placed grandeur and magnificence. When the day of judgment shall arrive, my father will have little or nothing to obstruct his rising, and will have taken his flight to paradise before your father will be able to disencumber himself from that self-same marble monument and iron railing which you have raised over his grave."

COMPASSION.

I cannot conceive but that the very *mechanical motions* which maintain life, must be performed with more equal vigour and freedom in that man whom a great and good soul perpetually inclines to shew mercy to the miserable, than they can be in a poor, sordid, selfish wretch, whose little contracted heart melts at no man's affliction; but sits brooding so intently over its owns plots and concerns, as to see and feel nothing; and in truth, enjoy nothing beyond himself: and of whom one may say what that great master of nature has, speaking of a natural sense of harmony, which I think with more justice may be said of compassion, that the man who had it not,——

—Was fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils:
The MOTIONS of his spirits are dull as night;
And his affections dark as EREBUS:
—Let no such man be trusted:

EPITAPH.

On a Man by the name of WOODS,

Here lies *Woods*, who dy'd of late,
And just arriv'd at Heaven's gate—
—*Stop, not so fast Reader*—
The *Devil* met him with a club,
And knock'd him down to Belzebub.

A RECEIPT FOR COURTSHIP.

TWO or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades, given as a lure;
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from the play;
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

WISDOM.

LESSONS of Wisdom have never such power over us, as when they were wrought into the heart through the ground-work of a story which engages the passions. It is that we are like iron, and must first be heated before we can be wrought upon? or, is the heart so in love with deceit, that where a true report will not reach it, we must cheat it with a fable, in order to come at truth.

HYMENEAL COURT.

MARRIED.

ON Sunday evening last, the 30th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. SAMUEL TRIVIT to Miss CATHERINE STROOP, both of this city.

—The same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Hendel, Mr. MICHAEL FREYTAG to Miss CHRISTIANA GERRET, both of this city.

JAMES MOLAN,
SURGEON DENTIST AND MAN-MIDWIFE,
No. 7 Prune street, or Shippen's Alley,

AFTER visiting the principal islands in the West-Indies, where he executed his Profession, and was employed as a Surgeon, both in the English and French Hospitals, has returned to Philadelphia. He cleans scales, and makes artificial Teeth; performs every operation in the human mouth, extracts teeth and stumps with peculiar ease.

N B The poor may have his assistance gratis.

Jan. 21.

JOHN NICHOLSON, JUNR.
GUN MAKER,

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March 18.

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Court of Apollo.

—***—

ALWIN AND RENA.

ASK you, why round yon hallow'd grave
The myrtle and the laurel bloom?
There sleep the lovely and the brave;
O shed a tear upon their tomb!

"Oh! cease, my love, these vain alarms!"
—For war prepar'd, young Alwin said—
"For I must quit my Rena's arms;
My bleeding country asks my aid!"

"Yes, I will check this bursting sigh;
Yes, I will check these flowing tears:
A smile shall brighten in my eye:
My bosom shall dispel its fears!"

"You try indeed, to force a smile,
Yet sorrow's drops bedew your cheek;
You speak of peace—yet, ah the while,
Your sighs will scarcely let you speak!"

"Go, Alwin!—Rena bids thee go;
She bids thee seek the fields of Death:
Go, Alwin, rush amid the foe;
Go, and return with Victory's wreath!"

A thrilling blast the trumpet blew;
The milk-white courser paw'd the ground;
A mix'd delight young Alwin knew;
While Rena shudder'd at the sound—

Yet strove to check the rising fears,
Which now with double fury swell;
And faintly smiling thro' her tears,
She falter'd out a long farewel!

Three tedious moons, with chearless ray,
Had vainly gilt the face of Night;
Nor yet the hero took his way,
To bless his drooping Rena's sight!

At length, thro' Rena's fav'rite grove,
When now the fourth her radiance shed,
He came—and Victory's wreath was wove—
But, ah!—around a lifeless head!

Distracted at the blasting sight,
To yonder tall cliffs bending brow,
With beating breasts she urg'd her flight,
And would have sought the waves below!

But while, with steady gaze, she view'd
The foaming billows, void of fear,
Religion at her right-hand stood,
And whisper'd to her soul, "Forbear!"

And now the storm of grief was o'er;
Yet Melancholy's weeping eye
Distill'd the slow and silent show'r,
Nor ceas'd—till Life's own springs were dry!

For this, around yon hallow'd grave,
The myrtle and the laurel bloom:
There sleep the lovely, and the brave;
O! shed a tear upon their tomb!

ON TRUE WIT.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two various pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.

Genius like this, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds:
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

MIRANDA.

A MORAL TALE.

(Continued.)

"THE justness of your remarks, Miss," said I, "precludes the necessity of an apology."

"You, no doubt," continued she, "conjecture, from what I have said, that my father was a clergyman; your conjecture, Sir, is right. That good man is one of the best and most neglected of the clerical profession. He was thirty years curate of the neighbouring village; where his name was ever heard with raptures, so long as he retained the capacity of supplying their wants. But—O this ungrateful world!—when he was no longer able to assist them, they thought themselves freed from former obligations, and at liberty to laugh him to scorn, and insult his misery!"

The old lady sighed; a tear started into her eye; she looked towards Heaven, and was again calm.

"The widow, to whom he was a husband, the orphan, who had found in him the tenderness of a father; were the first to aggravate his sorrows, by that blackest of all vices, ingratitude. One only poor widow exhibited a grateful heart——But again I wander! His yearly income was forty pounds, allowed him for doing the whole duty of the church, by a rector whose laziness procured near two thousand. With this small income we lived in happy frugality many years: but the good man's heart overflowed with the milk of human kindness; and this scanty pittance, though sufficient for our expences, and for small beneficences, was very inadequate to the demands of wretchedness. He borrowed, therefore, a sum of money, from a tradesman, to liberate from prison one who craved his assistance. About this time, the son of the rector returned from the university; a youth—Good Heavens!—a youth whose form, whose mind, whose heart, were——"

Sighs and tears interrupted her speech; her words died on her tongue; she pressed her little companion, and was silent. Her mother begged she might here take up the story.

She was just beginning, when an old woman opened the cottage-door. Her appearance was such as to prejudice beholders in her favour. She set down a basket, which she carried on her arm; and, without speaking a word, was about to retire, when the matron called to her—"This gentleman, Mary, who deigns to interest himself so much in our afflictions, will not, my heart, I know not why, tells me, be offended at your being admitted to his company." I joined my voice to the old lady's—Mary curtsied, and sat down.

"This, Sir," continued the old lady; "this, Sir, is our Heaven-sent benefactress: under that rustic garb, are virtues which would adorn the possessors of a throne!—But I make you uneasy, my good friend; I will cease to praise you in words: I will only tell your actions, and let them praise you. The worthy creature, Sir, lived with us twenty years. In that space, she saved nearly forty pounds; by which we have all, my poor dear husband included, been for these nine months supported."

"The money came from you, my good lady; it was my duty, therefore," said Mary, "when you stood in need, to restore it to you again."

"Her attentions, Sir, would heal our woes, if they could admit of cure; but alas! that seems impossible. However, when I reflect how marvellously Heaven has hitherto preserved us, I take comfort; and hope that, in his own good time and manner, he will make us triumph over our calamities. God is just; he chastens those whom he receives into the number of his children."

"Do not doubt, Madam," exclaimed I, involuntarily clasping her hand; "do not doubt, that God will speedily cause you to land on the coast of this sea of adversity!"

"Will you please, Madam, to take your little supper now?" said Mary, with officious attention.

"We will," replied her mistress; "and this gentleman, if he can put up with our rustic food, will perhaps do us the honour to partake with us."

We moved to the table; and, when supper was over, the old lady resumed the clue of the narrative—

"Henry, the rector's amiable son, returned now from Oxford; he saw, he admired, he loved Miranda. The nobleness of his nature caused him to act in every thing with the strictest honour and integrity. He confessed his passion, and received an ingenious reciprocation of love. With generous frankness, he acquainted his father with his attachments. The haughty priest foamed with rage at the bare mention of it; and maddened at the idea of his son's marrying—these were his words—"a wench without fortune, family, or any thing; the daughter of my curate, too!" In short, from hence forward, he studied only how to distress and ruin us. His first motion was to get his son out of the way, whom he compelled to take the tour of Europe!—Miranda sobbed aloud—"a joyless tour, alas! for Henry." We believe he constantly writes to Miranda; but the rector secures his letters, knowing that we are not able to bring him to account. Not satisfied with having separated the lovers, he sought for other means of distressing us; and, having bought the debt which my husband had contracted, thrust him with merciless cruelty into prison. Here we succour him, and make him as comfortable as such a situation will allow; though the surly priest takes every means of harrassing both him and us."

When the old lady had finished her narrative, I felt such deep commiseration, that I could answer her only by marks of indignation, and by sighs.

Miranda, during the whole time, had been totally absorbed in tears: but, now, collecting herself, she caught my eyes fixed on the little dog. "You wonder," said she, "no doubt, at the unusual kindness which I manifest towards this little animal. I will put an end to your astonishment. It is the only memorial of my Henry; he gave it to me: we were both wont to amuse ourselves with it; since his departure I have cherished it in my bosom; it has eat of my bread, drank of my cup, and been to me as my lover."

I thanked her for her condescension; and, turning to address the old lady, found her eyes again fastened on me: she examined my features involuntarily, and with seeming forgetfulness; then shook her head as before, and sighed. This striking behaviour, particularly as I found myself similarly circumstanced, stopped what I was about to utter. I was silent. Soon after, she looked eagerly at me again.

(To be continued.)

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